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
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
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ELEANOR.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

I HAVE but an indistinct recollection of my mother, a fresh, bright, girlish creature, who died when I was too young to realize the loss I had sustained: of my father I remember not much more, for soon after my mother's decease, he placed me, his only child, at a boarding school, and went to Europe, where he remained during the remainder of his life. He wrote me occasionally, kept me abundantly supplied with money, and sent me on each birthday some elegant and costly present: these marks of affection pleased me, but I longed for something more; and when I saw the meeting of parents and children at the close of a term, and heard my schoolmates talk of home and its joys, I envied them, and would gladly have exchanged all my costly trinkets for one warm embrace from my father, or for the privilege of having a home.

My vacations were spent with one or the other of my father's three sisters, who treated me kindly, but who I felt instinctively, did not love me. I was not a prepossessing child: I was plain in person, reserved and shy in manner. My cousins did not like me, and at school I was no favorite. I was always a good scholar, yet my teachers while they praised me, and held me up to my schoolmates as an example for imitation, in their hearts preferred to me many a pupil far my inferior in attainments.

I saw it all, but was too proud to betray the pain it caused me. I grew even more distant and haughty, and the result was my more complete isolation from all around me—I could not have been more entirely alone in the desert than I was in that crowded school-building. I was pronounced proud, cold and odd. How little they knew me! How I yearned for love—how I longed to be one of the merry groups who met to talk sportively together in the long hall, or with arms entwined lovingly, walked in the garden.

There was one sweet, loving girl who did attempt to gain my confidence. She was one of those happy mortals who possess a charm that draws all towards them, a key which unlocks all hearts: what it was I could never understand; but all felt it. She was neither remarkably beautiful, graceful or witty, but never have I seen any one so irresistibly charming as she was. How I envied her her magic power

against which I alone was proof. At times I almost hated her, and when she sought to win my affections, I coldly repulsed her; for I had heard whispers among the girls that "Dora would tame the lion," as they called me, and I was determined that her arts should be baffled. I would not see then what I now know was the case, that her true kindness and warm heart alone influenced her in her advances towards me. After my cold repulse of Dora, I was left to myself again. I buried myself in my books, studied, read and wrote; but all my labors would not still that craving after the affection which was denied me. The monotony of my life grew almost insupportable. I longed for a change; and it came.

I received a letter from my father, in which he informed me that he was married, and that he and his bride would sail for New York in the next steamer. He added that he had commissioned one of my uncles to procure a house in that city, and make all necessary arrangements, and that he wished me to meet them at our residence on their arrival.

I was delighted—at last I was to have a home, a father, and a mother. Not even the dismal forebodings of my aunt, who came to take me from the school, or the united lamentations of all my kindred at my hard fate in having a step-mother placed over me, could damp my joy.

At the appointed time I was in our home, a splendid mansion in the upper part of New York, fitted up with almost princely magnificence. I myself had taken especial pride in the adorning of my mother's room, to the great disgust of my aunt, who could not understand my delight at what she considered a misfortune, second only to the loss of my own mother. At last the day dawned which was to bring my parents to me. The steamer arrived, and a carriage drove up to the door: my uncle and a lady alighted, followed by a lady's maid and a valet de chambre; but where was my father?

The lady hardly glanced at me, but hurried rapidly to her chamber. I had caught a glimpse of her pale, haggard features as her veil blew aside, and saw that she was strikingly beautiful; but her utter disregard of me was a keen disappointment: I stood motionless, breathless, with a dreadful foreboding at my heart. I grasped my uncle's arm:

"Where is my father?" I asked.

He made some evasive reply; but I would not be put off.

"Tell me the worst at once," I said with perfect calmness.

He looked at me a moment compassionately.

"My poor Eleanor, he is dead!"

I heard no more—I staggered, and fell prostrate on the marble floor.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was in a darkened room surrounded by attendants. I learned afterwards that for hours I had been in a death-like swoon, from which it seemed almost impossible to arouse me. I knew only now that I was very weak—I could not raise my head from the pillow ; my mind was a blank, I felt no surprise at my position, I remembered nothing, I felt only that I was very weary. One by one my attendants stole out softly, and I was left alone with a physician ; at length he too, after bending over me and watching me narrowly, left me, and I slept.

When I awoke, I was myself again. I knew all, but I could not weep. I lay still with closed eyes and a sad, sad aching at my heart. There was no movement in my chamber, nothing broke the perfect silence ; yet I felt that I was not alone. I saw distinctly a figure at my bedside, half concealed by the heavy curtains. I felt rather than knew that it was my father's wife, and with outstretched arms, I cried out faintly, " Mother ! "

That same pale, wondrously beautiful face bent over me, long raven hair swept my cheek, and I was in her arms. Not a word was spoken ; but from that moment I felt that I was no longer an orphan, that I was received into her true mother's heart. Even in the depth of my sorrow, I felt a thrill of joy that I had never experienced—I was beloved at last.

Days passed. My father slept under the clods of the valley, and in a short time the settlement of his estate took place. It appeared that he had converted all his property into money, and my step-mother's at the same time ; from papers which she produced, it appeared also that the most of the large sum he had thus realized, belonged to his wife, leaving a bare pittance for me. All his affairs were in the greatest confusion ; but my uncle persisted in believing that my mother had induced my father to place his vast fortune in her hands, and that she had defrauded me. He would have had recourse to the law to decide on some papers which he considered illegal ; but I would not consent. I knew nothing of business ; but I did not then, nor did I ever believe that my mother had wronged me. I scorned my uncle's insinuations, and clung to my dear mother with all the more ardor that she was the first person that I had ever really loved. She was a haughty and cold woman, possessing great strength of mind, and exerting a powerful influence over all those who come within the sphere of her attractions. She was a perfect lady, and somewhat of a stickler for forms of etiquette and ceremony ;

but underneath all this, beat a true woman's heart ; she had loved my father devotedly, and on his child she lavished equal affection.—She would not consent to part with me as my uncle proposed, and I wished it still less, so it was decided that I was to live with her, and my relations, displeased with my course, held henceforth little intercourse with me. She knew perfectly well the distrust with which she was regarded, and the efforts which had been made to prejudice me against her, and loved me all the more for the perfect trust I reposed in her. She did one day attempt to make a statement of affairs to me, but I stopped her : I embraced her warmly, saying,

“ My dear mother, nothing could shake my confidence in you, nor could any explanation from you increase it.”

Tears rushed to her deep brown eyes ; she clasped me to her heart, and whispered,—“ God bless you, my own dear child !”

I felt that the kiss she pressed on my brow was the seal of adoption, and from that time my life flowed on calmly and happily.—Though very much older than I, for she had a grown son by a previous marriage, she was my most intimate, indeed, my only friend and bosom companion. It seemed as if she could not do enough for me ; no wish of mine was ungratified, and her pride in my intellectual attainments was unbounded. Nothing could exceed her delight at my success in society ; for though not beautiful, I was considered “ very striking and stylish,” and whatever Miss Lincoln did, and I was fettered by no conventionalities, but acted as caprice led me, was received admiringly by the clique who surrounded me. I valued the triumph I had achieved little ; it had cost me nothing, and I prized it at its true worth. Mrs. Lincoln was a leader in fashion, and her step-daughter, of course, could not but be admired.

I was beginning to tire of society, when my mother received a letter from her son, Leonard Montgomery, announcing his intended return from an extended tour through Europe and Asia, and I was to the full as happy as she. I had been out paying visits one day, and when I returned, on entering my mother's room, I saw a young man seated at her feet. Even before she presented him, I knew that it was Leonard, and throwing aside my usual coldness, I welcomed him with the greatest cordiality, and sank into a seat at a little distance. In the midst of her joy, my mother did not forget me ; she beckoned me to her side, and wound her arm round my waist, while we listened to her son's account of his travels.

He was eloquent and witty, and his voice was singularly melodious. I listened entranced, and gazed at him with admiration. He was uncommonly handsome, and evidently conscious of it ; but he

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was so evidently devotedly attached to his mother, and in consideration of his love to her and in her idolized son, I could have forgiven a greater fault than this spice of conceit.

I was prepared from my mother's encomiums upon him, to offer him a sister's affection : but he did not seem to expect it from me.— In fact he was utterly indifferent to me ; he was polite—but it was evident that his mother's praises of her daughter, and her efforts to make him share in her regard for me, rather had the opposite effect of wearying him, and deterring him from becoming acquainted with me. Perhaps Mrs. Lincoln perceived this, for she left him to himself, for which we both were very grateful.

I, in my turn, took no notice of his presence, devoted myself to my own pursuits, apparently forgetful, as I sometimes was, of the very existence of Mr. Leonard Montgomery. This piqued him : he was accustomed to be adored, and though he could look with sovereign indifference on the bowed forms of his worshippers, the refusal of one, however insignificant, to bend before his shrine, was unpleasant.

By degrees he unbent towards me. He condescended to look at my paintings, to praise, and oftener to criticize. I thanked him, accepted what was valuable in his criticisms, and as unceremoniously paid no attention to what I considered worthless. He now often sauntered into the library, and inspected the volumes I read, sometimes reading aloud to me, or talking with me on different subjects. My frank and careless manner of thinking aloud pleased him, and daily we were more together, until he became my constant companion. His devotion was undisguised : he hung over my chair at the opera, at soirees he had eyes for no one else, and did any gentleman pay me marked attention, it was sufficient to convince him that he was a puppy, and unworthy the notice of a sensible girl like me. In all this I read that he loved me, and the knowledge filled me with delight, for I knew that I loved him with my whole heart and soul, with a love to which the affection I felt for his mother, ardent as it was, was as nothing. Yet I would not show it to him. I was not blind to his faults : I felt even then that he was one who, if once assured of my love, would cease to value it ; I distrusted him, and yet I loved him. I would have laid down my life for him, and rejoiced in the sacrifice. It is not true that we women do not see the flaws in our idols : we love in spite of them.

I was content to know that Leonard loved me, and avoided giving him any opportunity to tell me of it. I was perfectly happy in the present, and gave no thought to the future—suddenly my joy was turned to mourning.

Our mother, in a moment, was stricken down with paralysis ; all was swallowed up in our anxiety for her, and together, Leonard and I watched by her bedside. She was conscious, but unable to speak ; and it was painful to see the eager look with which her eyes would turn upon us, as if she *must* speak before she died ; her lips moved, but no sound issued from them : at last, with an almost superhuman effort, she muttered my name indistinctly, and her eyes rested on her son. He felt that she placed me under his protection.

"Dearest mother," he said, "have no fear for Eleanor. I love her, and would gladly make her my wife ; but if she will not consent to this, she shall never want home nor protection while I can offer them."

She looked at me imploringly. I could not speak. Leonard knelt at my side ; he placed his arm around me, and said softly,

"Eleanor, will you be my wife ?"

"I will," I answered solemnly, and thus, in the presence of the dying, we plighted our troth.

Our mother's eyes, full of love, rested on us, and as if satisfied, she no longer tried to speak. She sunk quietly and gently away, and died without a struggle.

I mourned for her sincerely ; but with Leonard by my side whispering fond words of consolation, I could not long be unhappy. With the elasticity of youth, we were soon cheerful again, and, happy in each other, looked not mournfully into the past. We still remained in our mother's home : a widowed relative of Leonard's, with her daughter, had at his request, come to live with us until our wedding should take place, which was not to be until I had laid aside my mourning.

Mrs. Beauchamp, who had taken up her abode with us, was a lady-like personage who had little thought for anything aside from her house-keeping cares, but her daughter Louise was entirely different. She was very beautiful, had a passionate love for birds, music and flowers, and was gentle and retiring in her manners. Leonard did not at first like her ; he pronounced her babish, and called her "a bread and butter miss." I endeavored to conquer his silly prejudices, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing that he no longer disliked her.

Nearly a year had passed away unmarked by any incident.

I had been out one day for a drive, leaving Leonard, who had letters to write, at home. It was twilight when I returned ; it was chilly, and without taking off hat or shawl, I entered a library where glowed a coal fire in the grate, and where I supposed I should find Leonard. He was not there, but pen and paper were lying on his writing-

desk, as if he had just risen. The door that led into the conservatory was open, and I heard voices there. I was about to enter it when these words arrested my attention and rooted me to the spot.

"Louise, I love you better than my own soul!"

It was Leonard's voice, and breathlessly I listened for the reply. She spoke so softly that I could not hear her answer; I could only guess at it from his exclamation—

"I know it all: I have not forgotten that I am betrothed to a woman I do not love, to whom I am bound by honor and a solemn promise to my mother on her death-bed—all this I know, and yet, Louise, in spite of it all, I love you."

"You loved *her* once," I heard her murmur.

"Never as I worship you, dearest," he replied, and I heard him utter words of endearment.

I could bear it no longer: I stole to my chamber, and in a whirl of conflicting emotions, flung myself on a couch. I could think of nothing at first but my agony: I was again alone in the world, unloved, deserted—I started up and paced the floor.

"Deserted, despised?" I muttered through my shut teeth,—"*No, never!*"

My mind was made up: I carefully arranged my toilet, forcing my trembling fingers to perform their office, and then slowly descended to the library. I opened the door, but spoke to a servant in the hall before entering, that I might give notice of my approach to Leonard and Louise, but it was an unnecessary precaution; he was alone, and sitting at his writing-desk. I walked in, and laid my hand on his shoulder, with some gay remark.

I have read of a Spartan lad who had stolen a wolf, and concealed it under his cloak, and while talking with some of his superiors, the animal commenced gnawing his vitals; he, to avoid the disgrace of discovery, uttered not a groan, moved not a muscle, till he fell dead at his elder's feet. I thought of this as I stood there smiling, while grief was gnawing at my heart-strings. Ah! many a woman, with more than Spartan heroism, concealing her heart wounds, has died and made no sign.

Leonard was evidently agitated: I did not appear to observe it, but walked nearer the fire, and threw myself in an easy chair. After a few moments silence, I spoke.

"Leonard," said I, "do you think it is right to marry without love?"

He started, and replied hurriedly, "Why do you ask such a question, Eleanor?"

"Because," I returned, "I have a confession to make to you.—When we were betrothed, I loved you ; but recently my feelings have so changed that the very thought of our marriage is abhorrent to me. Will you release me, Leonard, and take the regard of a sister in place of that I once promised you ?"

My voice did not falter as I said all this, and Leonard was, as I saw, not only surprised, but mortified. It wounded his pride to be told so calmly, that I looked with aversion on a union with him.

"Eleanor," he said, "I would willingly release you, since you wish it ; but are we not both bound by our promise to our dying mother ?"

"No, Leonard, that dear parent would not wish us to enter upon such a marriage as ours would be, from any morbid scruples of that sort. She wished our happiness, not our misery."

"Then, Eleanor, you are free."

He gave me my ring ; I placed it on my finger, and gave him his in return. It vexed him to see me so unmoved. He was determined to startle me.

"I receive this the more willingly," he said, "that our tie had become irksome also to me."

"Ah ?" I said, enquiringly, twirling my ring.

He waited for a further remark, but I made none, and he went on.

"I love another, Eleanor."

I looked at him unmoved.

"Louise Beauchamp."

"Ah ?" I said, smilingly, "I congratulate you—that is if you can gain her heart. She is a sweet and loving girl ; I sincerely hope you may be happy."

"Thank you for your good wishes, Eleanor," replied Leonard, turning upon his heel in a rage.

I knew his character well : now that he had lost me, he would resign Louise willingly to regain me. He had been fascinated by her beauty, and led on by love of conquest to gain her heart, without ever seriously intending to break off our proposed marriage. I knew that he would never have chosen Louise as a wife : he had been false to me and trifled with her, and I trampled on my own heart to punish him.

He had gone too far to recede, and now that he was free from his former engagement, he was ere long betrothed to Louise. Poor thing, how happy she was ! She little dreamed then of what I feared for her future, that she would be the unloved and neglected wife of that handsome, fascinating, worthless man she loved so fondly.—Alas ! after years proved my forebodings were too true.

I was bridesmaid at their wedding, and never had I been gayer. In the round of parties that followed, I was more than ordinarily brilliant, and had no lack of admirers ; but I treated all with coldness, and was known as "the Icicle." In fact, I began to think with the rest of the world that I was utterly heartless—nothing moved me ; I was indifferent to everything—I only knew without seeking to discover the cause, that I was very wretched.

At this time, Fate threw in my way Henry Mackenzie, a man far above the ordinary level, possessed of talent and high attainments, and he seemed at once strongly attracted towards me. There was something about him that pleased and interested me, and I was more gracious to him than was my wont. At last he addressed me : I was prepared for this. I was entirely dependent on Leonard for support, and I was glad to escape from such a position. I knew that he would never allow me to attempt to support myself, and I weakly shrank from all effort. I therefore replied to Mr. Mackenzie that I respected and esteemed, but did not love him ; under these circumstances, if he still wished it, I would become his wife.

"I am content now, Eleanor, with your respect and esteem," he said ; "be my wife and I will make you love me."

We were married. I was surrounded by luxuries, my husband was devotedly attached to me, anticipated my every want, in fact, was almost a slave to my caprices ; yet I was not happy. I was exacting, willful and irritable. I insisted on attending balls and parties, though my husband was disinclined to do so, and I accepted his sacrifice of his inclinations carelessly, as if it were my right.

He bore this a long time patiently ; but one evening, when in reality he was not well, he positively refused to accompany me. I was determined to go, and despatched a message to a lady, requesting to join her party ; dressing myself with more than ordinary care, I entered the room where my husband was lying on the sofa.

"Eleanor !" he exclaimed, as he observed my costume, "what does this mean ?"

"That I am going to Mrs. Bordeaux' party," I returned carelessly.

"And can you go, and leave your husband sick at home ?" he asked reproachfully. "If you loved your husband you would not do so, Eleanor."

"If !" I repeated provokingly. "You very well know, Mr. Mackenzie, that I never pretended that I did love my husband. I promised respect and esteem—I think that was all, was it not ?"

My husband sighed. "Is it possible," he said, "that I have been deceived—that after all, this coldness is the true index—that you are indeed heartless, incapable of love ?"

He looked at me steadily. I knew not what he read in my face, but he exclaimed—"Eleanor, you have loved deeply, passionately ! Tell me, is it not so ? Answer me truly, woman !" he added vehemently.

"I am not accustomed to tell falsehoods, sir," I replied. "I have loved as you say—as I shall never love again."

"Then have you *acted* a falsehood," he exclaimed passionately. "Oh, Eleanor, I loved you with all the depth and fervor of my nature. I offered you a heart wholly yours. I thought no sacrifice too great to contribute to your happiness. I believed you cold, but I hoped to win your heart. I knew not that it was not in your keeping. You told me truly that you did not love me, but not that you had poured out your best affections on some other shrine, and had no heart to give to him who loved you more than life. Had you never loved I could not have reproached you, even had I failed to gain your heart ; but knowing what it was to love—oh, it was unwomanly, it was cruel to enter upon such a hollow mockery as was our marriage—to give in exchange for the purest devotion a heart cold, dead, incapable of love. Yet you could do this—calmly, coldly you could resolve to take a step which has embittered my whole life ; while I, poor fool, worshipped you, you could coolly calculate the power my infatuation would give you over me, and deceiving me with artful words and cunning half truths, could marry me for my wealth, and once assured of that, throw off disguise and tauntingly tell me that you love another, that you can never love again—expecting still perhaps to find in your poor idiot of a husband the same abject slave that his folly has made him to your caprices. But you mistake, Mrs. Mackenzie. Listen to me. You are proud and so am I. To the world we will still be outwardly the same, but though we still dwell under the same roof, this hour separates us forever. Henceforth, madam, we are strangers."

I made no reply, but with a mocking courtesy swept out of the room. Strange as it may seem, for several days after this interview I was perfectly happy. It was a relief to me that I need no longer endure my husband's caresses, no longer play the hypocrite ; but as days passed my feelings changed. I missed his constant kindness and delicate attentions, and it was very bitter to me to know that he despised me. I began to despise myself. I knew that I had wronged him in marrying as I had done for a home, though it was not his wealth which had tempted me. Others wealthier than he I had rejected, and I would have shared his home had it been a humble one, because in truth I respected and esteemed if I did not love

him—nevertheless, the sin was the same. I had married, knowing that I did not love the man I took as my husband, and I was receiving a just retribution.

Mr. Mackenzie supplied me with large sums of money, with a look and manner that said as plainly as words that I should not be disappointed in the object of my marriage. The most bitter words could not have humiliated me as much as this silent contempt. How I hated the gold he heaped upon me, but I dared not refuse it : I laid it aside, using as little as possible, and resolved at least to repay him by the strictest attention to his wishes, and to the comfort and order of his household.

So two years passed on. My husband devoted himself to his profession, and was daily winning laurels. I saw it with pride—alas ! not with pride alone, for I was forced to confess to myself at last that I loved him as I had never loved Leonard, with a trust in his worth that increased my tenderness tenfold.

I knew it from the pang of jealousy I felt when he was at all marked in his attentions to any lady ; I felt it from the agony it utter indifference in private. Oh, what would I not have given for caused me to note the change from polite attentions in public to that love I had once scorned ! How bitterly I repented my folly now that it was too late !

Gradually his manner changed : he grew restless and troubled.—I felt that I knew the cause too well. I had alienated him from me, and now he had not only ceased to love me, but I feared that some other had gained his heart, that he longed to be free from the tie which bound him to a woman he detested. His indifference had been painful enough, but his aversion was harder yet to endure : my punishment was greater than I could bear.

Yet what right had I to embitter his whole life ? Had I not caused him suffering enough already, without poisoning his future ? Yet how could I release him ? What remedy was to be found ?—He was a lawyer, and perhaps might discover some way of escape ; if so, I resolved, cost me what it might, I would not place any obstacles in the way of his release. I knew that he had some proposal to make to me, and I longed, yet dreaded to know all.

At length, one evening he requested me to accompany him to the library, as he wished to see me a few minutes on business of importance.

I followed him mechanically, and sunk into a seat. The hour had come, but alas, I had over-estimated my powers of endurance. I felt faint and giddy, and hardly heard his first words ; I knew only that

they related to our separation, and that he wished me to sign a document which laid upon a table.

He paused, and I felt that he expected a reply: by a strong effort I forced myself to speak.

"Do I understand you then, that this document frees us—that by signing it we are legally divorced?"

"No, Mrs. Mackenzie, I regret for your sake that a divorce is impossible. This act of separation, however, leaves you as free as it is possible to be, considering the nature of the case. I am sorry that the amount settled upon you is no larger; but, as I told you, I have lost nearly all my fortune: this sum is all that remains, to which my creditors have no just claim, and now that I am a poor man, I will no longer allow any false pride or fear of the world's opinion, to chain you to me. I think this sum will be sufficient to support you in comfort, and should I be able at some future time, I pledge you my word that I will add to it as much as you desire."

"Is loss of fortune then your sole reason for wishing a public separation?" I asked eagerly. "Are there no other inducements?—Answer me truly!"

"Most certainly not," returned Henry, "except, which perhaps you may not believe, a regard for your happiness. I thank you for your faithful discharge of the duties of my household, and trust that all which is painful in the past may be forgotten, now that in reality we are about to separate." He paused a moment, then added,—
"Here is the paper which places certain bank-stocks and rents at your disposal: it requires only your signature there."

He held a pen towards me, but I did not take it. I raised the deed of gift, and flung it on the glowing grate.

"Mr. Mackenzie," I said calmly, "I confess that I wronged you deeply. Still I am your wife: my sin renders the vows I took no less binding. In poverty as in wealth, I will follow you, unless you forbid it, and endeavor, so far as is in my power, to atone for my crime. Do not send me from you!"

He looked at me a moment enquiringly. "Eleanor," he said, "these are strange words from you. Can it be possible that at last you love me?"

I could not speak; but in my tearful eyes he read my secret, and in another moment, I was folded where I had never hoped to be, to his heart.

"Blessed be poverty!" he exclaimed, "since it gives me back my wife."

And I, too happy to speak, could only smile through my tears.

Thus were we united, and at last, my sin expiated, was I restored to happiness.

Many years have passed since then, and again my husband is the possessor of wealth, but never have either of us ceased to rejoice in that poverty which reunited us, and never have we experienced happier hours than in our humble home where was spent the first years of our true marriage.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

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BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.  
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My weary soul drooped 'neath its weight of thoughts,
Bitter, and sad, and heavier, as it seemed,
Than its poor strength. The world a cheerless void
Appeared, the heavens all dark. There was no sun
Of warm affection shining on my path;
No dews of kindness gently falling on
My withered, blighted hopes; no droppings of
Sweet words, like vernal showers, to cheer my heart.
Deceived where'er I'd fondly loved, Distrust
Had crept, with stealthy step, to my heart's door,
And, with a surly and defiant air,
Held ward against all comers, and the warm,
Pure waters of affection, driven back,
Had turned all bitter at the fountain head,
And from their dark and turbid surface gave
Distorted images back to the gazer's view.

Ah, truly those were dark and troubled days—
Despair, unwelcome inmate, reigned supreme,
And drove Reliance forth, and gentle Trust,
And meek-eyed Hope, and upward-pointing Faith.

One night, by unrest from my pillow driven,
I gazed upon the sky wherein the moon
Walked 'mong her glitt'ring handmaidens, the stars.
Her silver purity, her radiance clear,
The soft, still influence of the hour brought peace,
And sweet forgetfulness of sorrows past;
When suddenly a cloud, across the heavens
By light winds hurried, Luna's brightness hid,
And all was dark above, around, within.

And such, methought, is Life—one fleeting gaze
On brightening joys, then sorrow's clouds obscure
Their rays, and clothe the troubled soul in night.
'Tis ever thus! And I would pray to dwell
Through all my days in darkness; nor be mocked
By joys that may not last, nor make my heart
A dwelling-place for precious hopes that droop

And die upon its altars, faint for light,
 And blessed airs of peace. Let not mine eyes
 Behold for once the sun, thence evermore
 Into a rayless void with wistful gaze to peer.
 Mingle no sweetness in the cup I drink,
 To make more bitter every coming draught.
 Oh, grant me not the boon of love! 'Twill turn
 To rankling hate; 'twere better far to tread
 Life's gloomy paths uncheered, than once be blessed
 With sweet companionship, and thence go on
 Forever lone. Let me creep sadly o'er
 Its by-ways, find at its close an humble grave,
 And, if Thou wilt, a lowly place in Heaven.

The cloud passed on. Again the moon shone forth
 With a soft, holy radiance that rebuked
 My wayward prayer; erewhile with silvery tones,
 A voice seemed falling from the upper air,
 Saying, "Oh, thankless child, heardst thou not Him
 Who sways the Universe, and rules the fate
 Of all His creatures, bid thee come and cast
 Thy burdens on His mighty arm, for He
 Is Light, and Life, and Wisdom—He is Love,
 And he will never leave thee nor forsake?
 He is thy Father, like a loving child,
 Bow meekly to His will who 'maketh light
 To shine from out the darkness;' so shall peace
 Descend upon thy spirit, so shall joy
 Spring up amidst thy sorrows; thou shalt learn
 The lesson of thy life in patience sweet.
 Flowers shall bloom round thy path, and their perfume
 Shall reach to Heaven. What though thou waterest them
 With tears? Thou shalt not always weep. Be still,
 And thou shalt see that blessings, hid by clouds,
 Are blessings still, and when beheld will be
 More dearly prized; and thou yet shalt learn
 That the black shadows of thy earthly life,
 Will make the undimmed brightness of the world
 Beyond the grave more grateful to the soul
 That wearily has reached the gate and passed
 Through its dark portals to the realms of bliss."

Those who worship gold in a world so corrupt as this we live in, have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. It is true, that like other idols, it can neither move, see, hear, feel, or understand; but, unlike other idols, it has often communicated all these powers to those who had them not, and annihilated them in those who had. This idol can boast of two peculiarities; it is worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

WHO LOVES NOT FLOWERS?

BY KATE BARCLAY.

A WEALTH of blossoms surrounds us. Tables and floor are literally covered with the frail, fragrant beauties, which a dozen rosy-cheeked girls have cast at random from their various baskets, and strewn in utter confusion around. Their many hues blend so beautifully, all look so lovely, bright and pure, it seems almost a perilous thing to touch them, lest the charm be quickly dispelled.

But garlands are to be made, and the large hall decorated with flowery festoons. The platform, this temporary throne of state, must be encircled with their brightness and their fragrance. Bouquets must be arranged for every little niche that can be graced with so sweet an occupant. Rose-buds and violets and the pale, pure valley-lily, and many another fair, delicate flower must be culled out to adorn the flowing tresses, or crown the open brows of the blooming ones who are to figure at the festival. So, to the delightful task we'll go with willing hearts and ready hands.

How rapidly this beautiful chaos assumes definite form and purpose! Happy hearts are here, and this loving labor makes them happier still. Words of cheer, merry laughter, snatches of song, sweet birdlike warbles, the welling up of the free-heart's music, ring through the hall, and with these bright-hued tokens so profusely scattered around make the scene even now, in advance of the hour, one of festal gaiety.

Ah! here comes our revered teacher, the loving, the dearly beloved, to overlook our flowery labors, and gladden us with her presence. See her mild eye glance from face to face, tracing the ever-varying expression as one merry thought after another flits by. A kind word, a cheerful look, a sweet smile she has for all. Let's crown her with the moss-rose wreath, and us her waiting subjects, petition for a few kind words to treasure in our hearts in memory of this hour. Yes, she consents:

"Thanks, my children, for this crowning honor; and though all unexpected, I cannot deny you on so sweet a subject as FLOWERS—these delicate tokens, so ever beautiful, ever cheering, ever varying, and ever new.

"FLOWERS have been my instructors; and what have they taught me? From my earliest childhood I was a lover of them: they were

to me companions and friends. I viewed them not as beautiful inanimate forms, created only to please the eye, but as beings possessed of life and soul. I trod with a light and careful step upon the bed of moss that crowned the sequestered knoll, as the balmy breath of spring swept over it, and stepped aside from the meekest wild-flower that lifts its unassuming head to the orb of day. It was with almost a pang of conscience that I plucked one of these beautiful forms from its parent stalk, though it were for a place in my bosom to be loved and cherished the more. Flowers spoke to me a language plain and intelligible, each in its own peculiar character; but with a general voice, they taught me love and kindness, the love of all created things.

"The days of youth passed away: my occupations and companions changed. Studies of a sterner character succeeded that of flowers, and my companions called into action far different feelings from those of my early days. But oft, when overshadowed by the dark clouds of despondency, or tossed by the whirlwind of passion, have these lovely forms come before me with their fragrant ministries, inspiring me with hope, and subduing with a silent but irresistible influence the storm of my soul.

"Years have passed, and the evening of life has come. Again I hold converse with the loved forms of nature; but they talk to me in a far more elevated strain than they were wont to do. They speak to me of their Creator. They tell me in sweet and gentle strains of His wisdom and goodness, and soothe me with the reflection, that though the autumn of life has come and I must soon be laid low in the dust, yet the spring-time will arrive when this decayed form shall re-appear in renewed vigor and beauty. Ah, yes! Flowers are my instructors still, and their sweet lessons are higher and holier as life passes away. Listen to their teachings, my children, and your lives will be made sweeter, and purer, and better by these beautiful gifts from the kind hand of our Father."

True to herself even in this little speech. The moss-rose crown becomes her well now in the years of her matronly bloom. But in her eventful life, how various have been the flowers which, by their appropriateness, might have claimed their places upon her brow.—The meek-eyed violet, the promising hawthorn, the loving buds of the bright pink-rose, the soft, rich clusters of the fragrant orange, the pale, white rose of sadness, the funereal cypress, and, mingled with all these, might ever have been twined the sweet lily-of-the-valley in matchless purity. Soon, too soon for us will the unfading amaranth be her token-flower.

She has laid aside her crown—she has commended our efforts—

she has here and there given a finishing touch, which added the charm of grace to all. She has given us her blessing, and gone.

Again our willing fingers resume their delightful task, and joyousness again echoes and re-echoes through the hall. Why should sadness cloud the Christian's brow, or tears bedim his eye, when the world is filled with such sweet assurance of his Father's love? The FLOWERS,

"Oh! they look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours;
And dear as the smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers."

JUNE.

BY LIZZIE HAMILTON.

ALL hail the merry month of June! I love it passing well;
For every hour's a golden one, and bliss doth in it dwell—
'Tis full of flowers, fresh, blooming flowers, and buds, and leaves, and shades;
And joyous bursts of melody are echoing from the glades.

All things are teeming with new life, and waking to new bliss,
When the rich petals of the flowers, ope to the zephyr's kiss;
When a whole wilderness of bloom, bright stars of earth, are given
To scatter odors on the breeze, and waft them back to heaven.

Each beauteous bird has found a mate, and built himself a home,
'Mid the thick branches of the trees where glancing sunbeams come:
He flitteth now among the flowers, on light and airy wings,
And joy, and love, and gladness, all are in the song he sings.

The trees raise reverently their heads in the sunshine and the breeze,
And melody are making now with all their moving leaves;
The brooklet too is laughing on amid the clovery grounds,
Or leaping in a bright cascade, o'er the uneven mounds:

It sendeth up a gem-like spray, each drop a diamond bright,
Which resteth on the harebell's leaves, blowed on its petiole light;
Or sparkleth in the bird's-eye moss, and filleth up its cup,
Till Phœbus, for a noonday draught, shall come and quaff it up.

The melody of singing birds, the murmur of the leaves,
That to each other sing of God, moved by the summer breeze;
The music of the laughing brook, and thoughts of other years,
Have made my heart brim o'er with praise, and filled my eyes with tears.

Oh! 'tis a glorious thing to live, in perfect days in June,
The air is musical with praise, and every heart's in tune
We fain would mount the ether blue, with birds on glancing wings;
When Nature's song begins anew, there's not a heart but sings.

JOAN D'ARC.

BY FRANCES CHESBORO.

FAR away in the dim and shadowy past, we gaze, and gradually its scenes, so like the fantasies of a dream, grow bright and real.—The wild hills and forests of Lorraine rise into view, as solemnly they stood four centuries ago. Beside a fountain in a deep valley, sits the enthusiastic dreamer, the lonely Joan. She has no companions, for those with whom her childhood has been passed, can neither understand nor appreciate her highly spiritual nature. Unknown to them are the heights and depths of her lofty soul, and she holds full and free communion with none save with her God. Herself the child of nature, she revels in the enjoyment of the grand and sublime. In the wild conflicts of the elements, when others shrink, pale with terror, from the scene, her spirit sweeps forth, free as the wind it follows. But amid scenes of beauty her habitual sadness returns. Now she sits listening to the soft music of the falling water, with the bright hair pushed back from the pale, spiritual brow, which in a few years will be looked upon reverentially, as that of an angel. Flowers are scattered around her, and half unconsciously, she weaves them into a chaplet, while a low strain of melody flows from her lips; gradually her voice increases in power, and the song changes to one of triumph, as rising to her feet, she places upon her head the crown.—Ah! why does she throw off with an expression of sudden pain, the graceful garland? The dark leaves of the cypress mingle with the bright hues of the lilies there, and too well she knows that this unnatural union foreshadows her own dark fate. But the martyr's spirit already looks forth through those mournful eyes. What though her path be lost in darkness—through her the Lilies of France shall yet wave triumphantly o'er land and sea. From her infancy she has heard the wild legends and vague prophecies of the days of crusades and chivalry, and to her the youthful descendant of St. Louis, though unacknowledged and uncrowned, is the rightful monarch of France. With devoted earnestness she clings to his fallen fortunes, and believes that it is her mission to place him upon the throne. What wonder then that pondering ever upon this thought, she saw in her lone vigils, angelic forms, and the low cadence of celestial voices filled her soul with a solemn joy! And was it a delusion? Might not He, who of old veiled His ineffable glory and talked face to face with patriarchs and seers, have stooped to commune with this lowly maid—

en, who, piercing the mists of superstition and error which wrapped the faith of her fathers, had consecrated to him her youth? * * *

Joy fills the ancient city of Rheims. Rheims the time-honored—where the mighty conqueror Clovis tamed his wild spirit, and bowed his kingly head to receive the baptismal sign from the hands of St. Remi; where for a thousand years, the kings of France had one by one been consecrated. Deep yet clear from the Angel's tower, rings out the bell of Notre Dame, as the assembled throng press through the sculptured entrance, and along the aisles of that grand old cathedral. At the high altar, surrounded by the nobility of France, stands Charles the seventh; and, as the archbishop places upon his head the crown, a peal of music bursts forth which might shake even in their magnificent shrine, the dust of St. Remi. Up through the vaulted roof it reaches, unheeded by the vast multitude, who silently gaze at the group beside the altar. There by the youthful monarch, stands Joan, the leader of armies, bearing still her white banner, which has so often struck terror to the hearts of the foe. The golden helmet is raised from her fair brow; but even now in the hour of triumph, she gazes sadly, as in a dream, upon the pictured Saviour above. The shadows are darkening around her, and with a sudden emotion of dread, she casts herself at the feet of Charles, and begs that she may return to her native hills. The king hesitates: faithfully has she performed her promises—by a series of rapid successes she has restored nationality to France; but not yet can he relinquish her aid. The armies of England still occupy the soil; these must be driven forth, then Joan ennobled—honored as the saviour of her country, can seek her home. The maiden bowed her head: forth swelled the rich, triumphal music; but to her ear it had an undertone—a wail of sorrow struggling up through its full waves! The doom was sealed, and calmly she passed forth, amid the awe-struck crowds, who with hushed breath parted at her approach.—The holy stars looked pityingly down that night upon a white face with its uplifted eyes, as the suffering Joan prayed for strength to meet her fate. * * *

The stars have not yet paled in the western heaven; but already the roads are thronged, and ere long the streets of Rouen will echo to the rush and tread of thousands. Onward struggles the mighty mass, until they reach the great square, where, towering in bold relief against the morning sky, stands the lofty scaffold. And who to-day must bid farewell to the vine-clad hills and sunny vales of France? Is it some wretch who has bid defiance to the laws of God and man, and for some dark crime is condemned in fiery pangs

to die? No! not for such an one is the pyre erected, but for the "Maid of Orleans," the deliverer of France, who, betrayed into the hands of her enemies, looks her last upon the earth. The king, who to her owes his throne, makes no effort to save; the conquering bands, who so lately believed themselves invincible with her as their leader, come not to the rescue, and she must die. They lead her forth in the clear light of the beautiful morning, but she sees not the crowds that from every balcony and housetop gaze sadly, or in fiendish exultation upon the scene—the tree that waved over her father's roof rustles in her ear; she beholds once more the forest dell, and the bright spray of the Virgin's fountain cools her aching forehead. The unbidden tears quiver on her pale cheeks; but upon the steps of the scaffold, amid the jeers and taunts of the frantic soldiers, Joan stands calm and firm in the strength of her woman's heart. They bind upon her forehead the infamous accusation, the torch is applied from below, and wreathing smoke and tongues of flame hide her from view. One moment the wind breaks the fiery wall, and the pale listeners hear her repeat the name of Jesus. And to the dark catalogue of crimes of which Rouen has been the theatre, another, the most fearful of all, is added—and the spirit of Joan of Arc bursts its frail prison, and seeks

"The bosom of its Father and its God."

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY E. C. BISSELL, B. A.

THE mortal fadeth like a leaf,
 And fadeth every earthly scene—
 E'er changing, falling, no relief,
 No stay, or durance here, I ween.
 The storm-cloud gathers in the sky
 Just now with hope and promise bright—
 Our friends, our hopes—we see them die,
 And noon-day darkens into night.
 Oh, how the weary spirit sighs
 For aught substantial, firm, and sure,
 And longs for that which never dies,
 A something which will aye endure.
 Nor yet, in vain, she longs and sighs,
 For winds of heaven, and shining worlds,
 Made vocal, tell, in low replies,
 Of life where Peace her robe unfurls:
 A land of blessedness and rest,
 Where Hope puts off her glowing crown,
 And bends the knee to Joy's behest,
 And Faith, to Truth, bows lowly down.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

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SEE ENGRAVING.  
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It was a sad day at Moorfield cottage when the postman brought the long expected letter, to whose arrival Mrs. Eustace had looked forward with such eager anticipation. It told her indeed what she expected to learn, that her darling and only sister, after her long absence in a foreign country, had at last reached her native land, but only, as she feared—to die. It was with an aching heart that Mrs. Eustace read the few, almost illegible words that her sister's trembling fingers had penned, begging her to come to her, that they who had been such loving playmates and cherished friends, might meet once more on earth.

How different a meeting had Martha Eustace imagined! Her sister Lucy had been her darling—a pretty, sprightly, cheerful creature, she had been the only one who had understood and really and truly loved the reserved and somewhat unprepossessing Martha. A most tender affection existed between them, which had been to some extent interrupted by the marriage of Lucy to a young man whom Martha positively disliked; her forebodings with regard to her sister's unhappy choice were not ill-founded. Lucy's sunny life had been clouded by her husband's misconduct, and when at last he died, leaving his wife with one little girl alone in the foreign country where the most of their married life had been spent, Lucy had at once resolved to return to the old homestead, where her sister, also a widow, now resided; with glowing words, she had written of the delight it would afford her to see once more the beautiful haunts so familiar to her childhood: she had spoken, too, in her own simple, loving way, of the happiness she anticipated from having once more the companionship of her sister, and Martha's heart was thrilled with joy at the fond words which showed her that she was again all in all to her darling Lucy.

She busied herself at once in making preparations for Lucy's reception; she arranged her rooms as she thought would best suit her fastidious taste, her favorite books and flowers were collected there, for Martha taxed her memory to the utmost to recall her sister's likings that she might gratify them; thus the time had passed with her busily and happily while Lucy was on the sea, though she had

waited with no little impatience for the letter which should bring tidings of the landing of her expected guests, that she might hasten on to meet them. Alas ! with what an aching heart did she perform that journey from which she had anticipated so much pleasure, and how different was that meeting with her sister from the one she had so often lived over in fancy. The faint hopes that she had cherished of Lucy's recovery died out at once when she saw her pale and emaciated, the wreck of the once beautiful girl who had been the pride of the family—now only the sweet smile and large lustrous eyes reminded Martha of the Lucy of other days.

Mrs. Maynard knew that her days were numbered, and, after entrusting her child, little Florida, to her sister's care, she had but one wish unfulfilled, that of breathing her last in the old homestead where she had first opened her eyes to the light ; but her wish was not granted. She faded quietly away ; and Martha, sadder, colder and more silent than ever, returned with her niece to the house which she had hoped to see enlivened by her beloved-younger sister's gayety.

The presence of a child did not much interrupt the stillness which reigned at Moorfield cottage, for Florida was uncommonly quiet and silent ; she flitted about noiselessly here and there, or stole away by herself, remaining for hours in the garden with her doll as her sole companion. She was a pretty child, though her blue eyes and flaxen curls were unlike her mother's entirely, while to her father she bore a strong resemblance ; so that Martha, half unconsciously, regarded her rather as Henry Maynard's than her darling Lucy's child.

Florida, with the instinct of childhood, felt that her aunt did not love her, and shrank from any demonstration of affection to one, whose cold and silent manners at once chilled and awed her. She was a gentle, loving child, with all the weaknesses that belong to such a nature ; and the vigorous efforts which Martha made to uproot the faults in her character which she saw so clearly, well-meaning though they were, failed to effect the object entirely. It was as if she had cut down the weeds with one sweep of the scythe, and because the tops were no longer visible, flattered herself that all was well, forgetting that the roots remained unharmed.

Although unlike Lucy in many respects, Florida had inherited one part of her mother's nature, her love of the beautiful ; flowers, birds and pictures were her delight, while her fondness for music amounted almost to a passion, and the visits which she occasionally paid to a lady who was an admirable performer on various instruments were sunny spots in her existence. It was only at the house of this friend that her love of music was gratified : true, her mother's

guitar and the piano on which she had played in her girlhood, stood in Martha's parlor, but they were silent. Mrs. Eustace felt that both were sacred, and never allowed the profane fingers of strangers to touch the strings of the one or the keys of the other.

It was therefore an epoch in Florida's life when at the close of a summer's day, her aunt led her into the parlor, and stood with her in silence, while sweet music, soft yet clear, filled the room. Florida trembled with ecstasy, while she listened wonderingly to the music made by some unseen and unknown power. Tears filled the child's eyes while an air which her mother's soft voice had often sung to her, rang through the room, and when the mystery was solved, and Martha showed her the musical box from which all this harmony proceeded, explaining to her its construction, and telling her at the same time; that this box inlaid with rare mosaics, had been her mother's when she herself was a child, Florida looked upon it with admiration and delight.

After this time it became a sort of reward when she had been uncommonly diligent or obedient to her aunt, to have the musical box wound up, and for hours Florida would listen as if entranced, to its melody. Of course, she was never allowed to touch it: it was of very delicate workmanship, and Martha would trust it no one's hands but her own. She kept it locked up always, except when she brought it to the parlor for Florida's gratification. At first it had been enough for the child to hear it, but after a while she longed to take it in her own hands to examine it as much as she liked, though she hardly dared hope for any opportunity to gratify this desire. But one morning as she entered the parlor, to her astonishment and delight, she heard the well-known tinkle of the musical box, and saw it lying on the table, where, by some unaccountable oversight, her aunt had left it the night before.

At once Florida went to the table where it stood, and for a few moments leaned over it breathlessly, not venturing to touch it; but the temptation was too great. She was alone. She might never have such an opportunity again. She lifted it and held it to her ear. Presently it stopped—she waited for it to recommence as it sometimes did after a pause with a change of tune, but no, it had run down. She had frequently seen her aunt wind it, and had heard its mechanism all explained, so after a few moments' hesitation, she took the key and proceeded to wind it up. The key moved with difficulty, and in nervous haste she twisted it around quickly; a *snap* was heard, but no music followed. She had turned the key the wrong way, and the works were broken. Though but half con-

scious of the mischief she had done, she knew at once that something was wrong, and terribly frightened, she replaced the box on the table, and stole away into the garden, where she spent a most miserable morning, dreading to see her stern aunt again, and yet expecting every moment a summons to her presence. At last it came, and Florida obeyed with a beating heart.

Sure enough her aunt held the musical box in her hand, and her countenance betrayed her anger. Mrs. Eustace, in an awful voice, asked Florida if she had dared to meddle with the box, and poor Florida, with the instinct of fear, trembling and tearful, faltered out a denial. She admitted after being cross-questioned, that she had heard it playing, but denied touching it. Mrs. Eustace doubted her; but she rang the bell for her young servant, who, as well as Florida, had been delighted with the instrument.

Nancy owned that she had wound it up, but would not admit that she had broken it. She declared that it played tune after tune while she listened to it, and that she did not harm it.

Florida, emboldened by her own prospect of escape, would not admit that she had touched it, and finally Mrs. Eustace began to believe her innocence. She was very angry with Nancy, who knew how highly she prized the box, and declared that she would dismiss her at once. Poor Nancy, on whose wages, small though they were, her mother depended in some measure for support, could not bear the idea of a return in disgrace and as a burden to her home; she burst into tears, and declared her innocence of the breakage, though she owned her wrong-doing in touching the box. Florida sat weeping bitterly, distressed by Nancy's tears and coming disgrace, yet lacking moral courage to own her fault, aggravated as it was by a lie.

Suddenly, Miss Lagrave, a visitor at the house, appeared in the library-door, and addressed Mrs. Eustace:

"I am sorry," she said, "to interfere. I have waited hoping that Florida would do Nancy justice, but as she is silent, I myself must speak. The door of the library has been open all the morning, and I have seen all that has passed in the parlor. Nancy's story is true in every particular, and Florida is a little culprit. I did not observe her entrance, but the snap of the broken wheels attracted my attention, and I saw her hurriedly replace the box and steal away."

Mrs. Eustace was shocked. Florida had before been guilty of equivocations, but this was the first downright lie she had told, and with a feeling almost of contempt, for Martha was of that bold,

frank spirit which from childhood had led her to scorn a lie, she looked on the trembling girl before her.

She talked to her with severe justice of her sin ; she showed to her the meanness of a lie and the disgust which all felt for a liar, and as Florida still wept silently and did not raise her eyes to her face she concluded,

"How would your dear mother feel did she know what her child was guilty of? How would her pure spirit shrink in abhorrence from one guilty of so mean and wicked a vice as falsehood!"

Florida trembled from head to foot. She grew deathly pale, and in a voice choked with emotion she exclaimed,

"Oh, aunt Martha, do you think *she* knows it?"

"I cannot tell," returned Mrs. Eustace ; "it may be that our Father has spared her the knowledge of it, for I fear it would make her sad even in Heaven."

Florida said no more—not an expression of penitence escaped her lips,—she listened to her aunt's continued address without apparent emotion, and almost as if she did not understand what she said. She submitted quietly to her punishment, remaining in her room sitting with her head resting on her hand as if thinking deeply. She did not refuse the food given her, but it was carried down almost untasted. Her aunt Martha watched her narrowly, but she could see no signs of repentance. She found that she was sulky and regretted only the discovery of her guilt, not the fault itself.

As days passed Florida again took her place at the table, but it was with a downcast look, as if she felt herself disgraced and despised. She felt keenly the contempt with which her aunt regarded her, for though Martha tried to look as kindly as ever, it was not in her power to conceal her sentiments. Florida kept out of her sight as much as possible, and this avoidance of her, irritated Martha more than ever. She began almost to dislike the child.

She had been thinking of her character during one evening, and mentally regretting that she partook so much more of her father's than her mother's nature, till weary of these reflections, which made her heart-sick, she went to her chamber.

The door which led to Florida's room was open and she heard the child's voice.

She looked into the apartment. The moon shone in full on the flushed face of the child ; her eyes were open and wildly bright ; her hair fell loosely over her shoulders, and she was talking wildly and incoherently. She did not notice her aunt's entrance, but cried out rapidly in a voice almost agonizing in its pleading earnestness,

"Oh, Father in Heaven, do not let my mother know how wicked I am ! If she knows it aunt Martha says she will despise me, and if *she* despises me too, what will become of me ? Oh, *do* let *her* love me, for nobody else does ! Oh, don't let my mother look at me when I see her, as my aunt does, if I *am* so wicked ! *Do* let *somebody* love me—oh, forgive me and don't let my mother know ! *Don't* let her know !" she cried out with clasped hands and eager eyes.

Mrs. Eustace was touched. Her heart smote her ; she felt that she had been cruel to the motherless child she had promised to cherish. She had been *just* but *unmerciful*.

"God forgive me," she murmured, "and forbid that I should have such measure given to me as I have meted to her."

She drew nearer to the child and spoke to her in softened tones. Florida did not reply to her, she only talked on incoherently, and sobbed and moaned at intervals.

Mrs. Eustace was alarmed, for she saw that the child was delirious ; she sent immediately for a physician who pronounced her dangerously ill, adding that he should have been called earlier ; and Martha felt with a pang of self-reproach that her neglect to have the child near her, had prevented her observing the first symptoms of fever.

Through the long weeks that followed Martha was an untiring mother by that bedside ; she looked back on the past with a clear vision, for the fogs of prejudice had melted away—she saw that she had allowed her dislike to the father unconsciously to estrange her from his child ; she had erred too in her management. She had been severe, and had perhaps driven the child, weak and timid as was her nature, to take the very mis-step through fear, which she had treated with such rigid justice untempered by love.

Her heart ached as she heard Florida cry out again and again, "Don't let my mother know !" She felt that she too could not bear to have Lucy know how hard and harsh she had been to her child. She had, it is true, done everything for her bodily comfort and well-being, but she had withheld from her the priceless boon of love for which she pined and which was as necessary to her development as is the sunshine to that of the plants. Fervently she prayed that her niece might be spared, and her prayer was granted.

When first Florida regained her-consciousness, her aunt kissed her warmly and shed tears of joy ; the girl looked up with an expression of pleasure that faded to a sad smile as the past rose before her memory. Martha saw the change and redoubled her fond words

and caresses, and when on her recovery she took her kindly by the hand and talked with her of the past, not excusing the sin which she had committed, but telling her that once repented of, it should be forgotten except as a warning for the future, and explaining to her that as our Heavenly Father pities, forgives and loves his repentant children, so should we on earth feel towards our erring friends. Florida's eyes kindled : she smiled through her tears, saying joyfully,

"Then you really *can* love me again, can you, auntie, if I have been so wicked? Oh, I will try to be good, and I shall never forget the musical box!"

Martha kissed her warmly, and her heart re-echoed Florida's words,—“I have learned a lesson indeed,—and I too shall never forget the musical box.”

DEAL GENTLY.

~~~~~  
 BY LENA LIVINGSTON.  
 ~~~~~

Oh! have patience, and deal gently
 With the wayward, erring man;
 See how care has left its impress
 On his face, so pale and wan.

In his heart there dwells much sorrow,
 Cheering hopes but seldom come,
 Few his joys and dark the shadow
 That is resting on his home.

By thine own heart's secret yearnings,
 By its many hopes and fears—
 By the joys of early childhood,
 And the griefs of later years,

Look not coldly on the erring;
 But with gentleness and love,
 Strive to win him back to virtue,
 And his better nature move.

Holy angels, guardian spirits,
 They who stand around the throne,
 God shall send to watch about thee,
 With success thy work to crown.

AN ANCIENT COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

I HAVE been wandering recently over some of the most beautiful portions of England, and one spot so impressed itself upon my memory, that I shall not be content until I describe it.

It was the ancient church of St. Mary's in Warwick. To enter into my feelings, the reader must know the surroundings of the church, its situation and the country round about. In the first place, it is in the central part of old England, right in the centre of all that is beautiful in the present and historically interesting. This part of England blossoms like the rose. The fields are a living green. The hedges are rich and abundant, and flocks and herds are seen in all directions upon the beautiful hills. One cannot step out of doors without breathing the exquisite fragrance of the air. There is a smell of delicious flowers abroad, or the scent of May-mown hay lingers long upon the gentle twilight. Open your window even, and there comes in a gush of fragrance such as you can only get in the sweet country, aye, and the country must be "merrie England."

And besides, there was the old town of Warwick, itself quaint and olden as a black-lettered volume of the fourteenth century. Just look at it as I did! Two gigantic gates, founded upon the eternal rocks, themselves ten centuries old, still guard the eastern and western entrances to the town. There is still the old Market Place and its booth-hall. The streets are crooked and narrow. The casements are of lead and frequently of diamond glass. Gable and dormer windows abound. Little inns, with names quaint and names outlandish, fill every street. The people scarce ever stir abroad. It is an ever-continued Sabbath. The silence of the streets, after leaving the tumultuous roads of frantic London, "comes like a poultice to the wounded ear." This is Warwick, even of to-day. Not far away rise the grim old towers and battlements of Warwick castle. Its walls are gray with the storms of centuries. A thousand summer suns have smiled kindly upon it—a thousand times have the storms of winter besieged it, but in vain. You think of all this as you see its walls, and you think of the line of great earls who have lived in it since the days of the Roman invasion.

Then too, but a few miles away, rest the ashes of the greatest bard of all times—Shakespeare,

“Upon whose forehead climb
Tears and laughter for all time.”

In another direction are the impressive ruins of Kenilworth.

St. Mary's church has such surroundings as these, and it was with an imagination colored by them that I saw it and its tombs containing the dust of great men long since gone to their reward. The church itself is not a beautiful one in its architecture, yet its age and historic associations are such that it seems beautiful to the eye. The tower is of more modern date, and is really a fine sight.

It is uncertain when the church was built, but there is no doubt it was founded previous to the Norman conquest. In 1123 it was made collegiate of the first Earl of Warwick of the Norman line.—The greater part of the church was destroyed by fire in 1694; but it was speedily rebuilt, the tower alone costing a large sum of money. It has a peal of bells, a set of chimes and a clock. The conflagration is commemorated in a Latin inscription upon the tower of the church. The body of the church has in it many old and quaint tombs and inscriptions; but the most interesting spot is the Beauchamp Chapel in the rear of the church. In entering the main aisle of St. Mary's I could but notice its old and singular appearance.—The furniture is oak browned with age.

In the north transept lie buried two persons who were lovers of the poor, benefactors of Warwick. They were Thos. Oken and his wife Joan. They gave a great deal to the poor while they lived, and dying, made provision for the perpetual support of a number of the poor of Warwick. The monument says very brief and quaintly: “This Charity, Reader, was so wisely instituted, and the Trust so honestly executed, that if to thy faith thou art disposed to join good works, thou needs seek no farther for a model, or encouragement, or opportunity, for ye have the poor with you always.”

In the south transept a great earl lies buried, renowned for his exploits and for his illustrious pedigree. Yet it seemed to me that I would rather have the honest inscription over Thomas Oken's grave, than the high sounding one over the earl's. There lay the ashes of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who flourished in the time of Edward III. He was condemned for high treason, then banished to the Isle of Man, and recalled from his banishment by Henry IV. His wife Margaret lay beside him. Whatever may have been his state on earth, his ashes now are as worthless as those of any base-born son of Poverty.

The inscription on his tomb is in Latin, and commences as follows :
" Sacred to the best and greatest Lord, and to Eternal Memory.—
Having had this temple in vain for his mausoleum, and its altars for
his refuge, but awakened from that sleep in which he had lain buried
more than three hundred years, and which he thought would not
be disturbed but by the general conflagration : lo ! there now ariseth
and standeth before you that famous Man equally renowned for his
Religion and Valour : one while the love, another while the envy of
Kings ; always beloved of the Kingdom : sometime the sport of For-
tune, at length her Conqueror : Equal to her Smiles ; Greater than
her Frowns : almost the last of a Name always terrible to France."

This is high eulogy, and though deserved, looked not well upon a tomb. I am always disgusted with such high praise of a dead man upon his tomb-stone. Ah ! how little we know by the praise which man awards, the final judgment of God. The aristocratic and the powerful while on earth, before Him are but worms, and will be judged by their opportunities not leniently because of their pedigree.

In another part of the church, I noticed a very singular tomb-stone inscription. It ran as follows :

" If you ask, Traveller, who lies here, take the account in a few words. I was Francis Packer, born at London, educated at Cambridge, where I obtained (I know not whether I deserved it) the degree of Master of Arts. I served Lord Brooke in the character of tutor, secretary, and steward, for almost forty-five years, with what integrity and assiduity let the survivors who know it declare. I deceased at London in the house belonging to the Brookes where I generally lived, on the 10th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1693, of my age 67."

The Beauchamp Chapel is in the rear of the church, and is a beautiful interior. The doorway is exquisitely carved in stone : it was done many years ago by a poor Warwick mason. I will not describe the chapel, only assuring the reader that it is all that the solemn Gothic architecture can make it. Bears, griffins and lions stare at the stranger from every point, the light comes in through fine old windows, and the ceiling is of groined ribs and painted bosses.

Here lie the ancient barons of the Norman line. The first Earl of Warwick of Norman descent has a magnificent mausoleum. The earlier Saxon earls do not lie buried here. The chapel for the tomb of the first Norman Earl was twenty-one years in building, and cost at that time over twelve thousand dollars, or as money is worth now, at least one hundred thousand dollars. The tomb is of Brebic marble, and upon it is an effigy of the great Earl in full armor, with

sword and dagger, head uncovered, hands raised in prayer, and the feet supported by a bear and griffin. Fourteen attendants in "weepers" are grouped around the tomb. This is worldly magnificence carried, not beyond death to another world, but carried to the grave itself.

In another part of the chapel, there is a monument to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his Countess Lettice. You can imagine, reader, that I was chained to that spot. A flood of recollections poured in upon me. Here was the solemn grave of that world-renowned lover of Queen Elisabeth, and by his side the grave of his wife, the Countess Lettice. I could but think of his poor neglected wife, Lady Sheffield, whom he never acknowledged.

The Earl is in effigy upon his tomb, and in armor, while the Countess is attired as a peeress, with a circlet of jewels round her head. Upon the tomb hangs a tablet with the following quaint inscription to the Countess.

"Look on this vault and search it well,
 Much treasure in it lately fell.
 We are all robbed, and all do say,
 Our wealth was carried this away;
 And that the theft might ne'er be found,
 'Tis buried closely under ground:
 Yet if you gently stir the mould,
 There all our loss you may behold—
 There you may see that face, that hand
 Which once was fairest in the land.
 She that in her younger years
 Matched with two great English peers;
 She that did supply the wars
 With thunder, and the court with stars;
 She that in her youth had been
 Darling to the maiden Queen,
 Till she was content to quit
 Her favour for her favourite,
 Whose gold thread when she saw spun,
 And the death of her brave son,
 Thought it safest to retire
 From all care and vain desire,
 To a private country cell,
 Where she spent her days so well
 That to her the better sort
 Came, as to an holy Court;
 And the poor that lived near
 Death nor famine could not fear.
 While she lived she lived thus
 Till that God, displeased with us,
 Suffered her at last to fall
 Not from Him, but from us all;

And because she took delight
 Christ's poor members to invite,
 He fully now requites her love,
 And sends his angels from above,
 That did to Heaven her soul convey
 To solemnize his own birth-day."

On every side around me lay buried earls and lords of great fame, and through a southern window I could catch a glance of the tower of Warwick Castle. It was a spot fitted well to excite reflection.—The silence of the place was almost appalling ; its solemnity touched the heart. A look at the castle brought to mind the exploits of men who slept by my side. *There* all was bustle and life ; the human passions assumed their sway over the soul. *There* these old earls gave battle and stood siege, enthroned and dethroned kings, made love to fair ladies, and spilled valiant blood for their sake. But *here* in this quiet spot, where not even a leaf trembles in the wind, or a bee "sung i' the pane," the race of giants was still, forever still. *Here* they were harmless as a peasant boy, and I could tread upon their ashes without fear ! Truly, what a leveller is the grave ! Build marble piles as we will over the graves of dead men, it does not add life or power to the poor ashes under our feet—it does not add one throb of pleasure to the soul which exists far, far away.

I slowly retraced my steps, and in a few moments stood in the street again. The bells were chiming a sweet air ; a bird sang cheerfully on a bough in the old church-yard, and the air was heavy with the perfume of early spring flowers. It seemed like a dream. Suddenly I was startled from it. The old woman who had shown me over the church had been forgotten, and she had followed me out, and touching me upon the shoulder, she reminded me that I had paid her no fee. The charm was broken, and I was again among sordid men and women. The dead receded from view, and life and its wants were before me.

SOME authors write nonsense in a clear style, and others sense in an obscure one ; some can reason without being able to persuade, others can persuade without being able to reason ; some dive so deep that they descend into darkness, and others soar so high that they give us no light ; and some, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry, give us only that which is cut and dried. We should labor, therefore, to treat with ease of things that are difficult ; with familiarity of things that are novel ; and with perspicuity, of things that are profound.

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And because she took delight
 Christ's poor members to invite,
 He fully now requites her love,
 And sends his angels from above,
 That did to Heaven her soul convey
 To solemnize his own birth-day."

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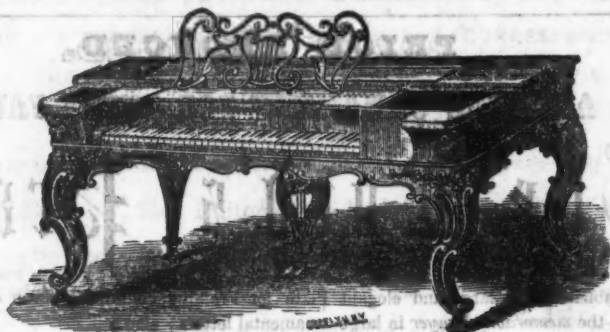
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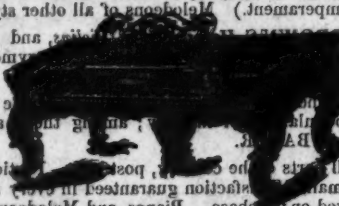
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